The Party

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/52491841.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Charlie Countryman (2013), Adam (2009), Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki
Characters:	Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Adam Raki, Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Prompt Fic, Christmas Party, Costume Parties & Masquerades, Alternate Universe, Meet-Cute, Getting to Know Each Other, party hook-up, Closet Sex, Dry Humping, Dirty Talk, Coming In Pants, Family Drama, Anal Fingering, Masturbation, Anal Sex, Riding, Happy Ending, Hannibal Extended Universe, do not copy to another site, Podfic Welcome
Language:	English
Series:	Part 151 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics
Stats:	Published: 2023-12-24 Words: 4,557 Chapters: 1/1

The Party

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Nigel and Adam meet at Will and Hannibal's Christmas Party... smut ensues...

Inspired by this amazing Halloween party art from Beatricenius (I just didn't get my ass in gear to actually write something for Halloween, so instead it's a Christmas masquerade!)

Nigel usually made plans specifically to get out of these pretentious fucking parties, but this year he'd dropped the ball and had no excuses when it came to the Lecter-Graham annual Christmas costume party.

On the one hand, he supposed, Hannibal was probably happy he hadn't attended since the tradition's inception - not having to inflict his brother onto polite company. On the other, Hannibal's in-laws were probably beginning to think that Nigel didn't actually exist.

It wasn't like Nigel had met any of Will's family, ever. And from the way Will sneered at him half the time they were around each other, he probably preferred that.

After five years of these parties, perhaps it was time to partake. Though the costume had been a palaver.

Every year had a theme and this year was masquerade, which Nigel imagined would be comprised of a lot of stuck up wankers dressed in those Venetian masks. Nigel didn't have time to or desire to get something like that, besides he had an old Halloween costume that would work perfectly with the mask theme.

Nigel zipped up the boiler suit and rummaged for the mask. It wasn't that he was purposely trying to piss off Hannibal and Will, it was just something that came naturally and he felt the urge to lean into it each time.

He found the mask and pulled it on, he looked in the mirror and smirked.

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"Are you mad at me?" Adam asked, trying to read Will's expression as they stood in the guest bedroom. Even though Will shook his head, Adam still wasn't sure. He'd always been close with his cousin and spent most Christmases with him since both their parents had died years ago, But reading people entirely was difficult, and Will knew that. He knew he had to tell Adam what he was thinking or feeling and not expect that he would always know.

"It's cute," Will shrugged and Adam frowned. That at least seemed to prompt his cousin, "It's fine, honestly. When we said masquerade, we had in mind more… masks…" he made a motion over his eyes as though to indicate wearing a mask."

"Like Zoro?" Adam asked, frowning.

Will shrugged and winced, "Just a mask-mask. A mask."

"Repeating the word makes it no clearer. I do understand the concept of a masquerade but you seem to want something very specific. This *is* sort of a mask," Adam held up the helmet and put it on, then he flicked down the sun visor, "this bit is a mask."

"You're right, it's fine." Will agreed.

"Okay then," Adam smiled and secured the helmet on. "I didn't have anything else I could bring."

"Hannibal and I could have gotten you something, or we could have gone shopping…" Will trailed off as Adam shook his head. He really wasn't great with shopping, and was pretty particular about clothes.

"I'm comfortable in this," Adam said.

Will smiled then and nodded, he grabbed Adam's shoulder and squeezed, though he could barely feel it through the thickness of the spacesuit.

"That's all that matters."

*

“Nigel… what are you…” Hannibal’s tone was the mixture of annoyance and disbelief that Nigel often heard from him. He responded with a grin and pulled the mask down over his face.

“Masquerade,” Nigel offered, trying but failing to sound innocent.

With an exasperated sigh, Hannibal opened the door wider and let his brother in.

“Well, I suppose we should be thankful you finally made it for once,” Hannibal said coolly as he closed the door behind them and pointed Nigel towards the dining room. “Make yourself at home.”

“Be careful what you say, brother, I might take you up on it.” Nigel teased as he walked in the direction of where he hoped he’d find alcohol.

As expected, the many guests already there were wearing a mix of venetian masks and smaller but no less ornate ones. One of the ladies wore a delicate mask that looked like it was made of lace and gemstones, one man was wearing a pared down sort of plague doctor mask, but over all that was the extent of the deviation.

Except…

Looking around the room Nigel quickly spotted Will in a simple black mask that went well with his expensive tuxedo, and the astronaut he stood next to.

Nigel let out a chuckle, glad to see he wasn’t the only one to take creative licence on the theme.

“Who's the spaceman?” Nigel leaned in and asked Hannibal as he came alongside him.

“Will’s cousin,” he replied flatly, adding, “Behave.”

Nigel turned to look at his brother, “What? I wasn’t going to do anything!”

“Don’t tease him, he’s comfortable in what he’s wearing,” Hannibal reiterated.

“Pfft, you’re talking as though he’s a child, he looks tall enough to be the same age as Will.”

“That wasn’t my intention, and he’s a few years younger than Will, he’s almost thirty. He’s on the autism spectrum and finds some things uncomfortable. He likes things on his terms, and he likes people to talk directly. He can’t always read people’s expressions.”

“Shit, poor fucker must not know whether he’s coming or going with the pair of you. Your stoicism and the face journeys Will’s eyebrows take--”

“I mean it, Nigel. Leave him alone.”

Nigel huffed a laugh and shrugged, “I don’t know what you’re worried about. I only ever speak directly, can’t be doing with all the florid metaphors you and your husband vomit up. Probably the only person in this place the spaceman will understand.”

Hannibal let out a low growl and steered Nigel towards the drinks table.

*

Adam was pleased that he'd managed to spend almost two hours at the party, mostly with Will, before he'd had enough. The guests were increasingly drunk and noisy, and there was something disconcerting about everyone being in masks. He liked to see people's faces even if he struggled to read expressions. He didn't like the empty blankness a mask presented.

When Will was distracted by a guest, Adam excused himself and left the room.

He moved quickly and quietly to the dimly lit hallway walking to the darkest end, near the rear of the house. There was an instant relief as he got closer to the stairs and further from the foyer and the noise beyond, he relaxed. Adam took off his helmet and held it under one arm as he leaned against the wall in the darkness and breathed a sigh of relief at finally being away from the bustle of it all.

"Had enough?"

A voice came out of the darkness that made Adam jump, and he focused in on where the sound came from. He could see a figure standing a little further along, even further into the unlit hallway. When the man stepped forward slightly, what light there was bounced off the hockey mask he was wearing.

Adam had noticed him earlier at the party - the only other person not dressed in the same style, almost uniform, masks. Instead this man looked like Jason from the horror movies. It had made Adam smile, and made him feel less alone.

He smiled again now and the man pushed the mask up onto the top of his head, returning the smile.

He looked a lot like Hannibal, but much more rugged. He even had a tattoo on his neck, which Adam was sure Hannibal would never even contemplate. This had to be Nigel, Hannibal's brother - Will had mentioned him before and he always got the impression that Will didn't like him much.

"You're Nigel," Adam commented, Nigel's smile growing in response.

"You must be Will's cousin?"

Adam nodded, "Adam Raki."

"Nice to meet you, Adam."

They stood looking at each other and Nigel continued to smile, even though Adam knew that some people didn't like standing around in silence.

"I thought Will was pretty, but damn, you're fucking breathtaking aren't you," Nigel finally said.

Adam understood that it was a compliment but he'd never been called breathtaking before, and he wasn't sure how to gauge whether or not Will was pretty.

"Thanks," he replied automatically, knowing that was the expected response to a compliment. Which made it all the more confusing when Nigel chuckled, and Adam wondered what he'd said that was amusing.

"So, you hiding then?" Nigel asked as he moved, closing the distance between them a little so he stood only a step away and leaned against the wall, very casual. If anything that made Adam stiffen a little, less inclined to be casual around a stranger.

"I don't like all the noise. Or the people. I… tend to get carried away talking about things and some people don't like that, but they don't tell me so instead they get uncomfortable and don't tell me that either." Adam stopped and took a breath.

"Yeah, I get that. Fucking hate it when people don't just say what they mean," Nigel smiled again and whilst Adam struggled with keeping eye contact, he found himself mesmerised by the man's lips. "So what sort of things do you talk about?"

"What do you mean?" Adam asked, pulling his attention from the man's mouth.

"You said you get carried away talking about things," Nigel prompted and Adam quickly nodded.

"Just things that interest me. Astrophysics, theatres, um, I like watching the Actor's Studio," Adam replied, not used to someone asking him about his interests. He found that people often didn't want to talk to him at all, they didn't know how to talk to him.

"You lost me on all those, gorgeous. Closest I get to theatre these days are strip shows," Nigel laughed though Adam wasn't entirely sure why. He really liked Nigel's laugh though, it was a nice sound, a deep warmth.

"I go as often as I can," Adam continued, "I live in New York, we have a lot of theatres. Did you know there are forty-one theatres in New York? A lot of people think that the Lyceum and New Amsterdam theatres are the oldest, they both opened in 1903, and they have run almost continuously, excepting for rebuilds, but there were actually theatres in New York from the eighteenth century, they just aren't there any more."

Adam stopped and took a breath, preparing to apologise - this was exactly the sort of thing Beth had pointed out to him, but before he could, Nigel spoke.

"I didn't know that! What's your favourite play?"

"Oh, um…" Adam was caught off guard, he couldn't remember the last time someone had asked him anything about his interests, combined with the man's looks and manner, it did funny things to him. Now on the spot he wasn't actually sure what to say, and instead of saying Venus in Furs was the best one he'd watched recently, he instead said, "I'm sexually attracted to you."

Nigel laughed again, deeper as he moved a half step closer, “Wow, you don’t hang around do you?”

“Hang around where?” Adam frowned.

“I mean, you really are blunt. To the point. I like that,” Nigel crooned and leaned even further forward until there was barely a foot between them.

“So, do you want to have sex?” Adam asked, starting to get hard in his spacesuit.

“Even though I look like Hannibal? Isn’t that a bit weird, or do you have a thing for my brother?” Nigel asked, and Adam was sure from the tone that he was teasing.

“You stopped looking like Hannibal as soon as you started talking,” Adam explained truthfully, Nigel let out a hearty laugh at that. “So, do you want to have sex?” Adam asked again.

“Abso-fucking-lutely, gorgeous,” Nigel leaned so close then that the breath of those words tickled Adam’s cheek.

“I’m staying in a guest room upstairs--” Adam started to explain, turning towards the stairs and anticipating that Nigel would follow.

“Adam?” Will’s voice came from the end of the hallway, “Are you out here?”

“Shit, guess that’s a rain check then,” Nigel spoke quietly behind him, and Adam felt the same, he was sure Will would not approve of this at all. Not only was Nigel right, Will wasn’t very fond of him, he also had a habit of treating Adam like a sexless, innocent child. The thought made Adam frown.

“Wait,” Adam replied quietly to Nigel and watched as Will’s shadow moved into the foyer.

As soon as he was gone, Adam opened the door to the cupboard under the stairs and pulled Nigel inside with him.

*

Nigel was instantly fucking hard as soon as the door closed.

In the dark, Adam was on him immediately, pushing him back against the wall as their mouths met haphazardly. His back hit the light switch and a dim bulb lit above them, highlighting the dust in the air so it looked like stardust floating around them.

“Fuck,” Nigel muttered as Adam clung to him and they rut against each other. Nigel pushed off from the wall, his mask now gripped in Adam’s hand as he hitched one of Adam’s legs up to his hip. He wasn’t sure where Adam’s helmet had gone but nor did he care, as long as neither of them tripped on it.

“I like this a lot,” Adam breathed against Nigel’s mouth as they both nipped and kissed at each other’s lips as their cocks rubbed against each other through their clothes.

“Fuck, me too, a whole fucking lot,” Nigel growled and moved them to the wall at opposite the door - less than a stride away in the small space. As he took the step he realised that - despite how forcefully Adam had pushed him to the door - he was slight and easy to lift.

So he lifted him, pulling his other leg up until he had Adam up against the wall and his slender legs wrapped around his hips.

“I’m gonna fuck come like this,” Nigel groaned as the new position forced their cocks into a perfect alignment even through the clothes.

Adam groaned and nodded enthusiastically as he used the leverage of his arms around Nigel’s neck to move up and down - feeding Nigel the image of having the young man bouncing on his cock.

“You feel so good,” Adam practically whimpered as he rubbed himself up and down Nigel, Nigel’s hands moving to cup his ass and help him create this perfect friction between them.

“Only thing better would be being inside you,” Nigel growled the words as he pressed his face to Adam’s neck and lathed the soft flesh with open mouthed, sucking kisses, dislodging his mask which finally fell to the floor.

Adam let out a high whine and ground himself even harder against Nigel.

“Yes,” he agreed, “want that… but… gonna come… later,” Adam panted the words and Nigel chuckled.

“Yeah, later. Gonna make you come right now, but I’ll fuck you later. Slide right inside you and bounce you on my cock. I’ll fill you up so good, stretch your tight little hole,” Nigel continued muttering about all the dirty things he was going to do to this gorgeous man as they ground against each other harder and faster.

It was with sweet little peeps of pleasure that Adam shuddered and gripped hold of him tight. He’d stilled but Nigel continued to thrust, his fists clutching the ass of Adam’s suit as he held him in place and fucked against him.

“You want that, hmm Adam? Want me to split you apart on my cock?”

Adam shuddered again and whimpered, going lax as Nigel went rigid and felt the sudden hot flash as he climaxed, spilling messily into his underwear.

He held Adam in place and leaned his head against the spaceman’s shoulder as he tried to catch his breath.

“Fuck,” he finally panted, moving his lips to Adam’s neck again and surprised when the previously eager and responsive young man flinched away from him and pushed them apart until he was back on his own two feet.

“I need to clean up,” was all Adam said as he went to the door, opening it cautiously.

*

Adam was glad that no one was in the hallway and Will had apparently gone back to the party, as no one was in the foyer or otherwise able to see Adam as he quickly crept up the stairs to the guest room he was staying in.

He was incredibly grateful that it had an ensuite as he pulled off his suit, not entirely sure where his helmet was now.

He winced as he felt the cooling stickiness of the come in his underwear, and opted to leave them on until he was actually in the shower. Once under the cleansing spray, with soap lathered in his hands, Adam stripped out of his boxers and washed himself thoroughly whilst thinking about his encounter with Nigel.

Adam had never had spur of the moment sex like that before, usually because the other person wasn't receptive. If Adam was aroused he had no problem confessing it, and even if the other person was too, they would say they should wait until they were somewhere more private. And whilst Adam completely understood the reasoning of that, he disliked that he was never able to immediately act on his arousal in circumstances like that.

Until today. He soaped up his cock and gave his balls a light tug as he thought about the cupboard under the stairs and Nigel's hands, and all the things he'd said he'd do to Adam.

Despite a slight stirring, Adam stopped and washed the suds off before turning off the water and wrapping himself in the sort of medium-hard towel that Will knew he liked - it always made him feel cleaner, like he was still being scrubbed as he dried.

Once dry, Adam changed into his pyjamas and found his phone, sitting in bed as he read the one new message he had. From Will -

Have you left? Where are you?

Adam tapped a reply - **I'm in bed.** and sent it before realising he should probably ask for Will to find his helmet.

He wanted to ask about Nigel, but knew that might upset Will, so instead he frowned as he tried to work out how he would arrange to see Nigel and have him do all those things…

Adam felt his cheeks heat as he began to get hard again.

Setting his phone down he got up and rummaged in his washbag for the small bottle of lube he always packed with a few condoms just in case, and then returned to the bed and pushed down his pyjamas.

*

"Why do you have that?"

Fuck.

Nigel probably should have come up with a feasible story before heading back into the party with Adam's helmet under his arm and his own - now stepped on and broken mask - slung

around his neck.

Before he had chance to come up with an answer, Will's eyes narrowed and he looked Nigel up and down.

Fuck.

"Uh, that astronaut kid, he left it--" Nigel started, trying to point back towards the foyer he had come back through after cleaning himself up in the downstairs bathroom.

"Are you the reason Adam went up to bed? What did you say to him?" Will's words were a low hiss and he stepped forward, forcing Nigel to retreat against the wall, narrowly avoiding some stiff handing out canapes.

This apparently didn't go unnoticed because then his fucking brother appeared next to Will.

"Is there a problem?" Hannibal asked.

"I don't know, is there, Nigel?" Will seethed at him.

Nigel shook his head and did his best to hold up his hands in placation, which was when Hannibal clearly saw the astro-helmet.

"Nigel, what have you done?"

The way they both looked at him like disapproving parents made Nigel's jaw clench. He stood up straighter, moving from attempting politeness back to usual levels of assholery in response to their attitudes.

"What do you think I could have possibly done?" He challenged, wondering if either of them would guess.

"I swear if you've upset--" Will started but Nigel cut him off.

"Hey, no!" Nigel held up his free hand to stop the words, "you can treat me like I'm a criminal, I'm used to it and I can't say I deserve different. But I'm not going to let you talk about Adam like he's a fucking child."

Both Will and Hannibal were completely silent, and whilst Will blinked wide-eyed before narrowing his eyes into a glare, he was sure he noticed a very brief smile tweak at Hannibal's lips.

Before Will could say or do anything, Hannibal stepped between them and spoke quietly, clearly not wanting the scene that had the potential to erupt at any moment.

"I think we can both agree that something has happened this evening between Adam and Nigel," he turned to Nigel. "When you last saw him, was Adam alright?"

Those direct words made Nigel pause. Fuck, could he say Adam had been alright?

After he'd left, presumably to his room, Nigel had gone to get cleaned up - not fancying running into someone with spunk drying in his jocks - and then he had run into Will before he had chance to put the helmet somewhere safe where Adam would find it in the morning.

And during all that time, he had been replaying the moment Adam had pulled away from him. Adam had seemed into it all, had been receptive to Nigel's dirty talk - all of which he'd happily fulfil - but then he'd left without a backwards glance. Had Nigel misread the whole situation?

"Not… alright as such," Nigel spoke quickly before Will had chance to follow through on the violence in his gaze, "we hooked up, okay? He was into it. We had a good time, and then as soon as it was over he just… left. Just pulled away from me and was gone."

Nigel braced for the response, but even as Will opened his mouth to speak, Hannibal put a calming hand on his arm and said coolly, "Remember what Nigel said, he's perfectly correct Will - Adam is not a child and he won't thank you for treating him as such."

That seemed to stop Will's immediate fury but Nigel was sure there was still murder in his eyes. He continued to glare as Hannibal turned back to Nigel.

"I told you, he's on the autistic spectrum. Sometimes he deals with things in a way that a neurotypical person like you or I, might not."

"He doesn't like being dirty," Will said, begrudgingly before he scrubbed a hand over his face as though trying not to think about what Adam and Nigel might have been up to. "He also takes things very literally. Did you say you'd see him again? Is he expecting, um, more…" Will waved his hand as though more could mean anything from a coffee date to no holds barred fucking.

"Yeah," Nigel replied, "But I meant every fucking word. I do want to see him again. I said I'd see him later… I was hoping he'd smuggle me up to his room, but then he was gone."

"Wait, you weren't in his room? Where did you… Never mind, I don't want to know right now," there was a note of despair in Will's tone before he changed tack and added, "he's in his room now, he messaged me that he was going to bed."

"So, could one of you give him my number?" Nigel asked.

Hannibal and Will exchanged a look, Hannibal's amused and Will's angry despair.

*

Adam was three fingers deep, moaning and writhing, picturing Nigel above him, when there was a knock at the bedroom door.

He paused for a moment, but before he could respond he heard a low voice.

"Adam, it's Nigel. I have your helmet."

Adam whimpered, pushing his fingers deep before saying, "C-come in…"

He heard the door open slowly but close quickly.

“Fuck, gorgeous.”

“Good, you’re here. I was waiting for you,” Adam used his free hand to grope around on the bedside table before finally locating the condom packet and tossing it in the direction of the door.

“I fucking am,” Nigel agreed as Adam heard the sounds of frantic undressing, felt the bed dip and the packet rip open, and then Nigel appeared above him.

He pulled out his fingers, spread his legs and smiled up at Nigel.

Adam moaned as their mouths met and reached his arms around Nigel’s neck once more, deepening the kiss and then, finally, surged up and rolled them. Nigel went willingly, landing on his back with Adam straddling him.

“Fill me up,” Adam panted, moving up on his knees as Nigel nodded and grabbed his ass.

“Yeah, saw you opening yourself up for me, gonna slide right inside like I promised,” Nigel growled as he pushed up into Adam’s waiting hole.

They both groaned and Nigel stilled for a moment before his fingers clenched tighter on Adam’s ass. It was all the encouragement Adam needed to start moving, he slid down until he swallowed Nigel’s cock completely. Then he slowly pulled back up, enjoying the noises that Nigel made.

Fingers tightened further and Adam clenched for a moment, pulling a deep growl from Nigel, and then he planted his hands on Nigel’s chest for leverage and began to bounce. He moved his ass up and down, moaning and panting as he moved his ass up and down with unbridled enthusiasm.

“Fuck, yes… Adam… Ride me, fuck yourself on my cock…”

Adam whimpered as he nodded, then cried out “split me apart!”

Nigel shuddered at the words, holding Adam’s ass so tight that it hurt, as he began to meet each thrust, pumping up into Adam.

“Coming… co-coming…” Nigel stuttered, crying out and shuddering again as he slammed Adam down onto his cock.

“Need to come,” Adam replied, starting to get oversensitive but not enough to put him off grabbing his own cock and stroking it fast and loose, rocking on Nigel’s cock as he rubbed at the nicest places inside him.

“Fuck, Adam…” Nigel whimpered, wincing, “too much…”

“Just… One moment…” Adam requested. And that was all it took, a few more strokes, another gentle rock and he was coming in ropes over Nigel’s belly.

Nigel moaned again, throwing his head back.

He was very beautiful.

“You’re very beautiful,” Adam said, looking down at Nigel. “Would you like to do this again sometime?”

Nigel chuckled and the sensation of his cock pulsing inside him, as enough to make Adam wince. He pulled off of Nigel and dropped down beside him, trying to catch his breath.

“Would I like to do this again sometime? Adam, I want to do this again right now, but we might have to wait a while. And then after that…” Nigel rolled over and put a finger under Adam’s chin, lifting it so their eyes met, “I think I want to do this again every day.”

“That might get a little tiring,” Adam thought aloud, “but I’m willing to give it a try.”

He smiled, and Nigel leaned in to kiss him again, soft and slow, blissfully unaware that Nigel was thinking exactly the same as him at that moment - that he was so glad he actually came to the party.

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